Sun The

"The Sun Lucifer, the Moon Diana"

by Johnny W. Nyhagen

ISBN 978-82-93616-33-7

Cover design for ebook: Alison Imperioli

I wish	
you	
were my	
everything	
the crown	
in my creation	
I wish	
you were	
the	

that	
could light my	
nighttime	
sky	
but	
it all	
ends here	
it all ends	
when	

fire

this beautiful		
cage		
we made		
is still		
a cage		
my fire		

we do

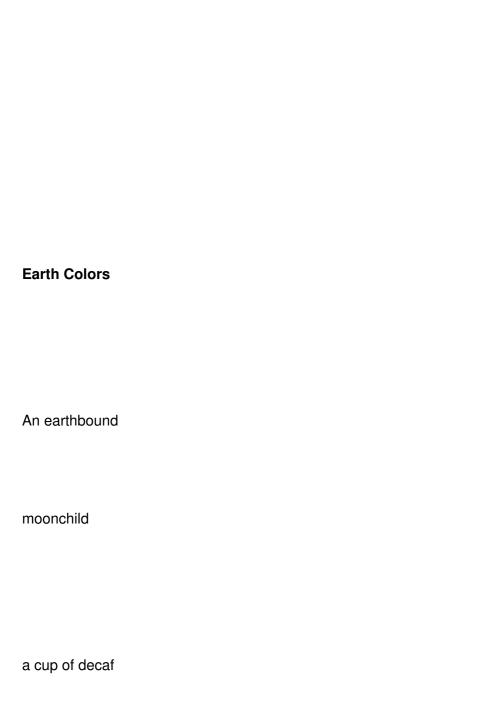
my star	
the moment	
will pass	
and	
l'II	
be	
alone again	
my fire	

light		
you		
better do it		
now		
my star		

my guiding

better

pack	
your bags	
better	
kill your dreams	
and	
and	
ride	
ride	
into the sun	
IIIIO IIIE SUII	



and
then another
never ceased to
be herself
walked through
so many
doorways

and		
personalities		
brown		
green		
and		

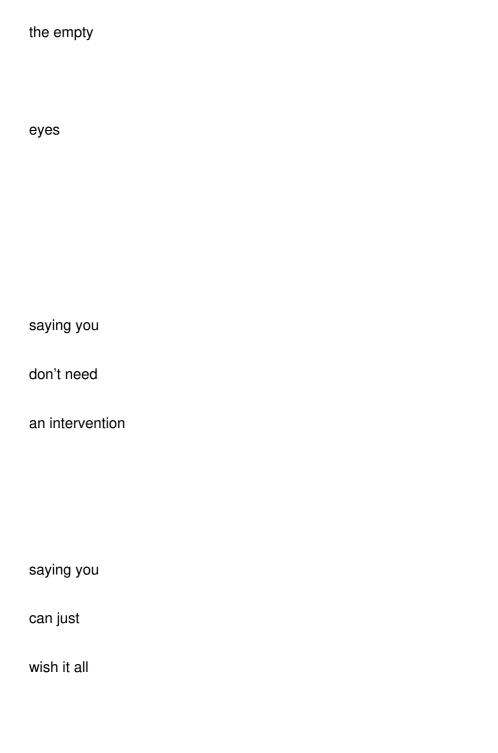
colors

of red			
2 more			
cups			
of decaf			
put the			
hair up			
in a bun			

a rusty shade

on the		
wooden floor		
talking to		
your		
brother		
on the phone		
the laughter		

bare feet



earthbound		
moonchild		
with your		
suicide notes		
second and		
third drafts		

away

bucket lists
attempts at poetry
three
things
you need
for the garden

more	
you think	
you need to	
go on	
love	
books on music	
and	

and three

painted		
in		
earth colors		
earthbound		
rooms		
- 2 -		

naked rooms

that asks
no questions
when filled
with
your
emptiness

There's no such thing as forever just this soft drawn out confusion

going on for decades engulfing children's birthdays

dentist		
appointments		
ketamine		
parties		
being naked		
with		
with		

broken

you almost	
love	
getting	
parking	
tickets	
and	
dreaming	
of	

someone

pearl		
waiting		
for		
you		
somewhere		
in the		
sea		

a white

the			
words			
I couldn't			
pronounce			
the			
trees			
and			
mountains			

remembering

climb		
still		
just		
just		
being there		
petting		
someone's		
dog		
on a		

I couldn't

being		
there		
in a dream		
on a		
death bed		

leach

to your		
bones		
cursing		
and		
wishing		
you could		

feeling sick

spells on	
people	
feeling	
like	
the light	
has gone	
out of your	
eyes	
never to	

cast

as the			
world			
holds			
up a mirror			
at			
the end			
of the			
road			

return

the white		
pearl		
still		
waiting		
a a manuha ya		
somewhere		
in the		
sea		

words	
I couldn't	
pronounce	
the	
trees	
and	
mountains	
I couldn't	
climb	

remembering

the

Ç		
just		
being there		
petting		
someone's		
dog		
on a		
leach		

remembering

there	
in a dream	
on a	
death bed	
feeling	
like	

being

had gone
out of my
eyes
the sound
of a
death
bell
remembering
a faded

the light

of		
a		
younger		
simpler		
world		
with parents		
and relatives		

photography

gathered around watching a sad blue eyed boy

his first	
step	
Dead Girl	
Never	
so young	

taking

is it			
it seems			
this is			
how			
it ended			
dead girl			

but this

I didn't

though	
I just saw	
the picture	
didn't look	
for it	
didn't really	
wanna see	
you	

know you

but			
the blessed			
peace of			
eternal			
slumber			
awaits			
just let			
your			

like this

guide you			
there			
dead girl			
·			
let it			
guide you			
like a			
lantern			
in the dark			

perished heart

never		
knew		
your name		
dead girl		
perhaps		
there is		
more		
for you		
I wish		
there was		

I could	
wish	
it for all	
of us	
but I	
specially	
wish there	
was more	
for you	
an afterlife	

a		
subterranean		
garden		
or an island		
with		
birds		

a continuation

flowers

and
waterfalls
maybe
a circle
of friends
there to
greet you

then after		
a while		
when ready		
and if		
you wanted to		
you		
could		
come back		
again		
like		

someone

else

sleep			
of the			
dead			
Fever Dream	n Carousel		
Round and			
round			
1			

from the

go			
on a			
painted			

wooden

horse

noises

from the

carnival

filling

my room

filling			
my head			
delirium			
fever			
and			
impotence			
heat waves			

hot flashes			
clouding			
my			
senses			
still			
ľm			
right here			

for		
all		
my		
sweet		
tomorrows		
I can		
already		
see		
them		
up there		

longing

and	
vibrant	
lightning	
fires	
going	
round and	
round	
circling	

healthy

black angels		
floating		
on a		
western		
breeze		

like

Poem Without Wolves
The Moon
THE MOON
Diana
the Sun
Lucifer

as

the knife

is to man

SO

the cup

is to

woman

as above

so below

as you

believe

the world

to be

so it is

a crawling
echo

a
strange
object

found

in a field

the Moon

Diana

the amber

orbit

Lucifer		
as you		
believe		
the world		
to be		
as		
the river		
embraces		

the Sun

so it is		
Alex Cours		
the Sun		
Lucifer		
the Moon		

the sea

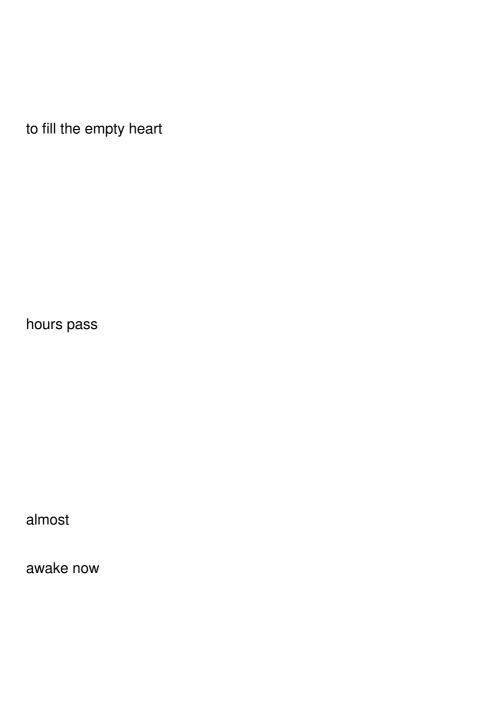
Opioid Hibernation		
Injections		
ike		
sweet		

Diana

razor		
blade		
kisses		
the needle		
barely		
breaks the skin		

ugly

sugar	
sugar	
sugar	
sugar	
sugar	
pity	
love	
and	
nicotine	



nightmare			
of			
experience			
nausea			
lungs			
collapsing			

from the

sleep			
hibernation			
this			
cruel			
mistress			

with		
ones		
childhood		
always present		
like a		
siamese twin		

or

a rusty knife

stuck

in the

throat

Ontario Sometimes I look

back

at you

Ontario

golden	
evening	
sky	
your	
tree lined	
city	
streets	
still	
draped	

your

warm		
caress		
Ontario		
still		
as		
beautiful		
as I		

in August's

left you			
Ontario			
a love			
not			
fulfilled			

your			
timeless			
prairies			
and			
the			
rivers			

running

through

Ontario

your

winds		
your		
wide eyed		
wido oyou		
ghosts		
my		
youth		

jealous

turning
to dust
in
your
embrace

I

once

belonged

to

you

only		
for a		
moment		
my		
Ontario		
constantly		
changing		

but

yet staying just the same your scents

and

your
colors
still
as close

still

as strange

yet		
fomilier		
familiar		
and		
vivid		
an the		
as the		
poems		
•		

distant

wrote		
as a		
child		
Ontario		
our		
memory		

I once

rests within		
me		
Ontario		
our		
splendid		
sorrows		

still

the		
promise		
I once		
made		
to		
you		

and our

ecstasies

how		
you		
always		
whispered		
my		
name		
the way are		
through		
my		
ununu c i		

and

my

rain

storms

always		
there		
with		
you		

my shadow

of		
the		
rivers		
flowing		
through		

in

the hearts

I can

hear you		
0.1.1		
Ontario		
calling		
me		
back		
again		

still

in a			
mother's			
voice			
Affectionately Dissing Anto	n Newcombe or	his 55th Birthday	

you have		
spoken		
Anton		
you		
liar		
snitch		
thief		

Five words

former			
piss christ			
bedwetter			
you			
poet			
artist			

presumed

painter	
of the	
spheres	
over all	
beautiful persona	
Anton	
from	
Newport Beach	

being

all that	
in your	
roller skates	
with	
your fake fur hat	
fancy	
heroin	
addiction	

vintage sun glasses
on display
Anton
happy
birthday
Anton

and

with		
that		
big mouth		
thanking god		
for mental illness		
writing		
checks your		
ass can't		
cover		

Assistate Assistate	
twinkle-twinkle	
retro star	
how we	
wonder	
who you are	
the last man	
on earth	

Anton

much love		
Anton		
happy birthday		
and by		
the way		
you		
fight like a		

The Pale Now		
THE Pale NOW		
In the		
moment		
there is		

little girl

emptiness			
a tear			
running			
down the			
spine			
a smile			
you cry			

this

doors		
are		
closing		
a childlike		
melting		
of the		
oceans		
and		
the sky		

as the

the fading		
of		
The Now		
the		
endless		
space		
of		
what is		

above

was		
and what		
could		
be		
in the		
moment		
a mind		

what once

in the		
moment		
a glimpse		
of		
a pale		
ghost		

never knowing

never to
be seen
again
The Only Living Boy on Cleveland Avenue
Come parish
with us

they said
walk with us
out of
time
away from
the
faded photographs
of children

playing
in distant
afternoons
walk with us
into the velvet hallways
leave no
memory behind

no trails		
of silver serpents		
spelling out		
your		
name		
no hydrants		
flooding		
August nights		

no pale sunsets

walk away and parish with us they said cherish

the child you

were		
and		
the child		
you became		
but		
walk away		
from		
it all		
down		
the velvet		

into		
the deep		
blue silence		
Famous Dead Painter		

hallways

Child		
you have		
no		
respect		
at all		
it		
shouldn't		
take		
you more		

than	
four years	
to get	
famous	
though	
maybe	
six	
to get	
rich	

now

star"		
whon		
when		
you say		
it like		
that		
no one		
believes you		
when you		

it		
down		
everyone		
thinks		
it's true		
btw		
your ears		

write

be burning			
most words			
are			
more			
meaningful			
in their			
absence			

must

ррр

m

m

m

it's

the

same

with

just		
paint it black		
•		
and		
kiss her		
you vermin		

people

you star
paint
it black
and
let it
linger

like
heroin
paint it black
and
let it
linger

turns into
a flower

after

you're

gone

A Psychotic Beauty

Hey you	
the flower	
in the	
flames	
I see	
you	
I see	
the knife	

your		
memories		
out		
I see		
the flower		
in the		
flames		
I see		
the empty		

that burned

I once
tried to
fill
I see
the fragile
creature
trapped
behind
lobotomy eyes
I see

heart

I see		
the flower		
in the		
flames		
I see		
you		
like		

you

a sun

who didn't

know she

was

a star

Leaving Santa Rosa

Birth
mother
the pale
woman with
the sleepless
eyes
and

that is		
her		
the hands		
the fingers		
the head		
the spine		
the sex		
the heart		

all

the		
cheap wine		
staining her lips		
birth		
mother		
animal		

trying		
to make		
sense		
where		
there is none		

mother

putting words

people's mouths
screaming
at clouds
with
the
sleepless eyes
birth
mother

in dead

all that	
is her	
cutting	
your cocaine	
with	
baby powder	
letting	
you fuck her	

with

white satin
dress
birth
mother
animal
mother
speaking
of
OI .

in her

and		
familiar shapes		
that		
sometimes		
come out		
at night		
birth		

dreams

animal		
mother		
the art		
of controlling		
time		
scenarios		
and		

mother

speaking			
of			
how			
the			
dead			
may rise			
from their graves			
and kill her			

even memories

birth		
mother		
leaving you		
to suffocate		
on a		
minimalistic		
couch		

in her sleep

birth			
mother			
animal			
mother			
leaving			
her words			
spinning			

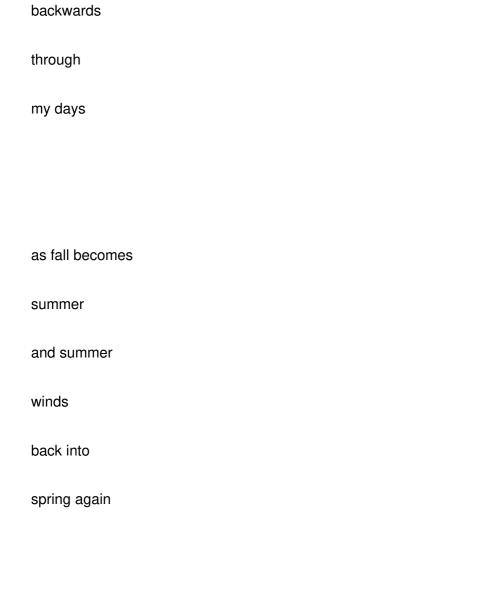
in mid air
leaving
cocaine cravings
and
white
satin
dresses

birth			
mother			
leaving			
Santa Rosa			
in those			
frozen			
hours			
birth			
mother			
animal			

mother
at the sound
of trumpets
the dead will rise
and
kill us
in our
sleep

goodbye
Santa Rosa
goodbye
earthlings
death to
any other
mother

Fall Becomes Summer	
A wow	
of silence	
an open	
page	
in a book	



going

no signals
no beacons
of light
there to
guide
me
I'm casting
the runes
to see what
the past
can hold

like a		
flower		
becoming		
a seed		
all over		
again		

A phantom	
creature	
a non	
entity	
pure	
exquisite	
imagination	

of men	
who themselves	
were	
never	
born	
sleeping	
through	
rain storms	

a child

famines		
and		
lunar		
eclipses		
givon		
given		
strange		
Ç		
names		

your	
shadow	
may grow	
bones	
you are	
dark	
matter	
feared	
by all	

so that

ghosts	
horse demon	
you	
are	
a picture	
taken	
inside	
a dream	

my

imaginary

the bottom	
of	
a deep	
dark	
lake	
you are	
the	
dead	
hand	

you

are

out from			
the grave			
my way			
of seeing			
what			
can't be			
seen			
you are			
all			

reaching

my
dead
tomorrows
my horse demon

It is	
what follows	
after	
weeks	
of	
apple blossoms	
four letter	

and		
hot		
summer nights		
soft drinks		
on		
rooftop		
gardens		

words

the rites		
of passage		
bugs		
a piece		
of		
gum		
stuck to your		
shoe		

a	
blue bird	
of happiness	
then the beach	
jellyfish	
and	
h a consider a	
horseshoe	

swimming	
in the	
shallows	
waves	
and	
seagrass	
a stolen	
peek	
at someone's	

crabs

breast		
a		
multicolored		
beach ball		
escaping		
to sea		
never to		
be seen		
again		

naked

someone's	
childhood	
or	
adolescence	
unfolding	
6	
a first kiss	

or	
a first s	
disapp	
and	
growth	1

step

ointments

lessons

then		
lazy evenings		
with movies		
and		
ice cream		
visits		

learned

from		
distant		
relatives		
that you		
don't		
really		
know		
but still		
you feel		

belong			
because			
they			
somehow			
look			
a bit like			
you			

like they

Doll Bride In the frozen hours

of night

I dream

of you

Kimberly

my doll bride

and			
dead			
oiercing eyes			
sweet			
candy colored			
kisses			

raven hair

from
the ghost
of your
painted
smile
your
white dress
and
Red Bottom shoes
Kimberly

drawn

how			
I			
cried your			
name			
in those			
frozen hours			
how			
I cried			
and tried			

my doll bride

heart in you	
sweet	
Kimberly	
my doll bride	

to place

another

Monce Venus

Oh

Philip David

how I

stole

your rhymes

and
showered
in the
virtue
of your
sentiments
while you
hung
from a
rope
in your
sister's

at 36		
Philip David		
how		
you		
went		
from		
a minus		
twenty		

bed room

to a plus		
four		
and back		
again		
in a matter		
of hours		
and that		
cock smoker		
John		
Butler		

put you		
somewhere		
between		
the Devil		
and the		
deep		
blue sea		

Train

eyes
of the
dead
kept
turning
every head
Philip David
how
I rigged

as the

schooner	
and made	
you	
sail the	
sea	
Sea	
of consequence	
racing	
you	
<i>,</i>	
from	

your

Cooper
Square
to the
Horn
of
Africa
while
the cowards
and
the whores

was peeking through the doors to see who's winning

you know	
how	
we die	
two times	
don't	
you	
Philip David?	
yes	
we die	

but

we pass away	
and	
then	
we die	
a	
second	
time	

when

when no one
ever
mentions
our
name
again

Star Machine

A star machine
made of
star stuff
keeping your
eyes wide open
going through
your days

star light		
in recycled		
paper bags		
taking names		
granting wishes		
of		
money		
sex		

harvesting



hats and wigs	
fur coats	
and	
princess dresses	
the star machine	
made of star stuff	
running on	
fumes	

and broken dreams
the heart
tucked away
behind
thick walls
of sleep



and then the

back to you		
love is cheap		
and		
lust is		
nearly free		

selling it all

Not for Jack Masters		
Silence		
now		
you		
vermin		

take me
to the
heavens

set my
pretty
face on fire

I am what I am set me on fire child

I

am

useless

I

am

vile

for	
unconsciousness	
and	
anu	
extinction	
I am	
а	
Market and	
thousand	
different	
people	

longing

а thousand familiar faces every single one of me

is real

we		
are		
no longer		
bound to		
the flesh		
but to another		
we are		
no longer		

Legion			
my fingers			
stretching			
out			
ten			
miles			

long			
for			
another			
thousand			
winds			
another			
thousand			

ways	
set me	
on	
fire	
child	
burn	
my golden	
locks	

take me		
to the		
heavens		
now		
you		
vermin		
child		
take me		
to the		
heavens		

the one who adore me and let me

sleep